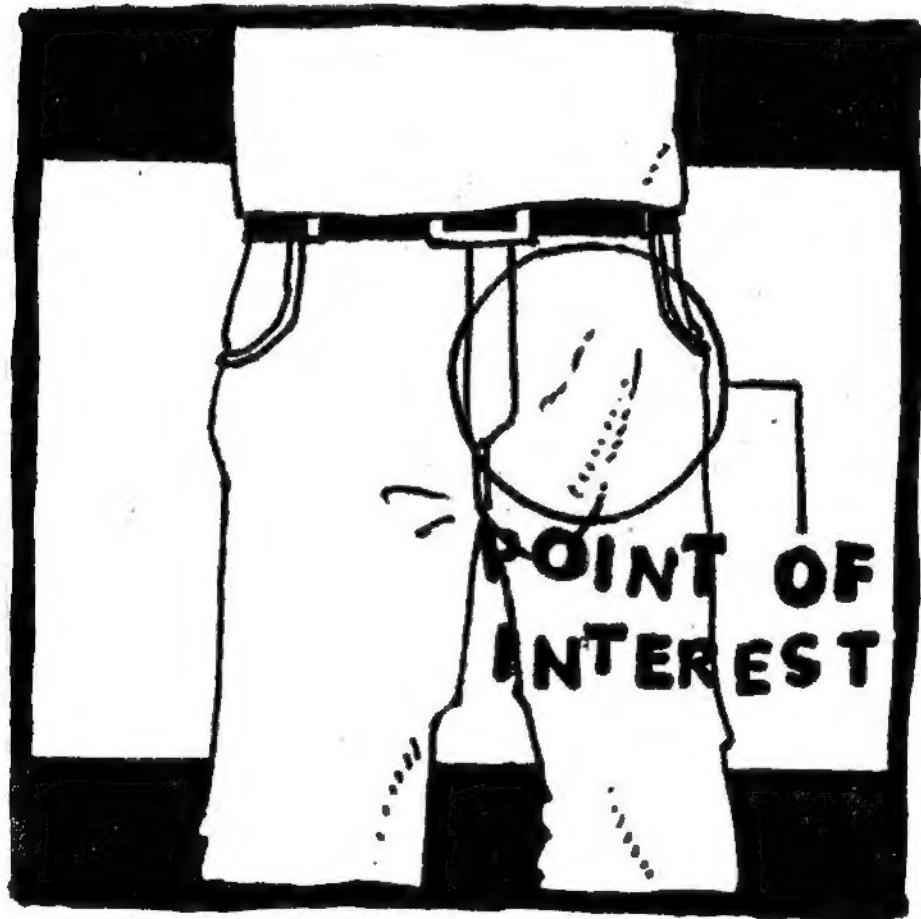


S A T A N   H E A R T G R E A K ' R .

\* T A R T S   I T   U P   \*



TRANSITIONING INTO A GIANT MECHANICAL GRASSHOPPER  
BENT ON DESTROYING YOUR CITY DAILY

THE WORKS ENCLOSED HEREIN APPEARED AT:

KAT, CRESCENT AND SUZI'S ART DISASTER  
AND

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ALSO SOME WERE PUBLISHED PREVIOUS IN:

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AND FOR ALL FUCKING ETERNITY IN HELL  
AND OTHERWISE BY:

M SA+AN HEARTBREAK'R M

(AND ANY OTHER OF HIS/HER  
PERSONAS + INCARNATIONS)

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THANX TO: AARON DETROIT FOR THE TITLE, RHANEY +  
DANNY FOR LETTING ME SHOW, MY FRIENDS FOR  
TRYING TO GET ME TO DRINK + NOT DRAW, FRAN

THIS WAS ACCOMPLISHED WITH CAFFEINE, NICOTENE + ALCOHOL

HAIL SATAN!

if forced to give an estimate. i'd say i think about sex around a hundred times a day. i'm told that's the norm for guys. but some of us guys are a little off center and inbetween. if forced to give an estimate. i'd say i think about killing and maiming around twenty-five times a day. some other stuff comes up, too. like how i need a fucking cup of coffee and why am i surrounded by idiots? also, why am i so goddamned boring/bored? what am i doing with my wasted life? when i'm thinking straight i sit down and draw. and all those bastard voices go away then.

if this offends you. any of it. then don't waste my time. i'm busy drink-ing my life away and fucking your girlfriend.

if you like this shit - then godd for you.

i guess what i'm trying to do here is introduce my work to you. but it looks like we got off on the wrong foot. so forget it. just look at it and if i did a good job you'll be getting off on my right hand.

but that's for later.

i am totally available for birthday parties.

feel free to contact me with comments, requests and offers of monetary compensation.

hugs and a punch in the mouth,

SATAN



WILL KILL YOU  
MOTHERFUCKER

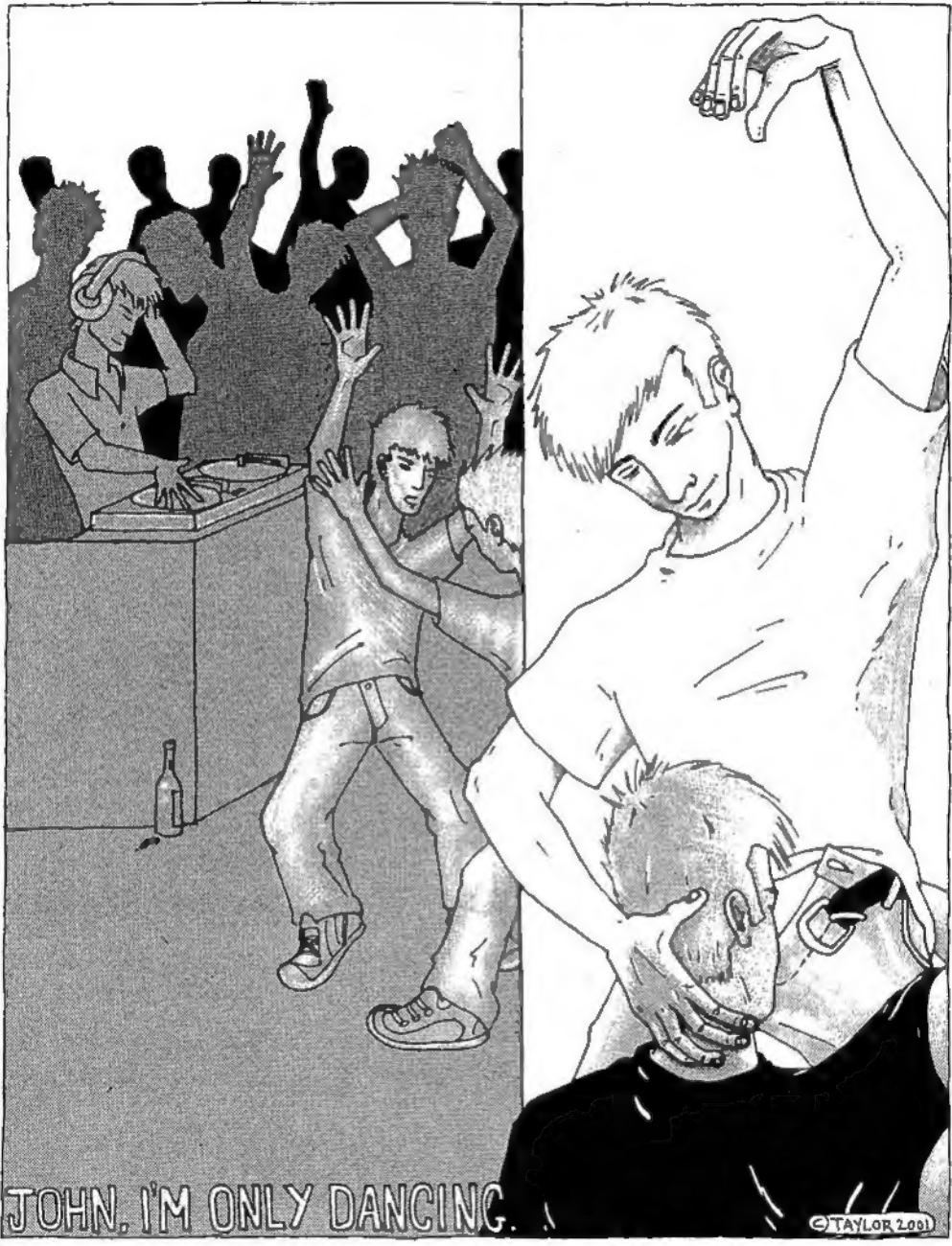
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WILL KILL YOU

WILL KILL YOU

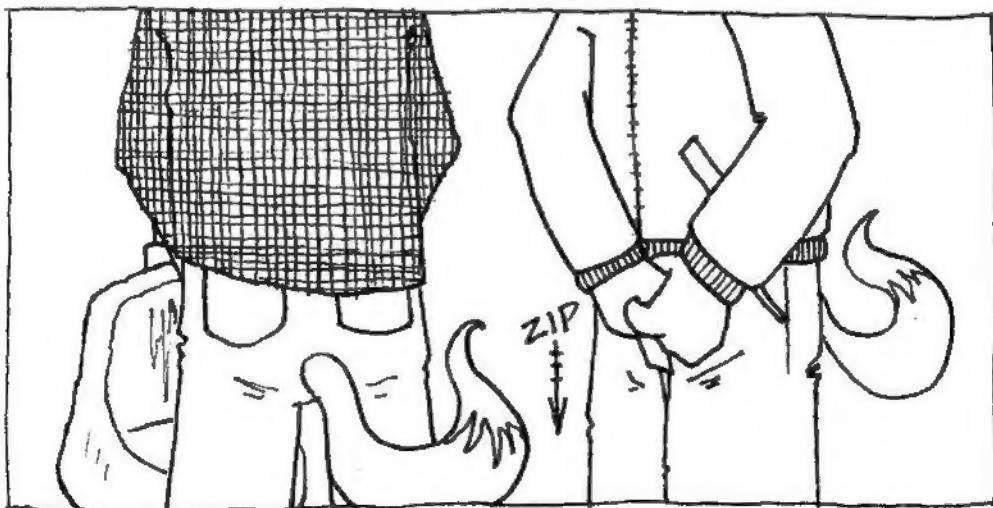
WILL KILL YOU

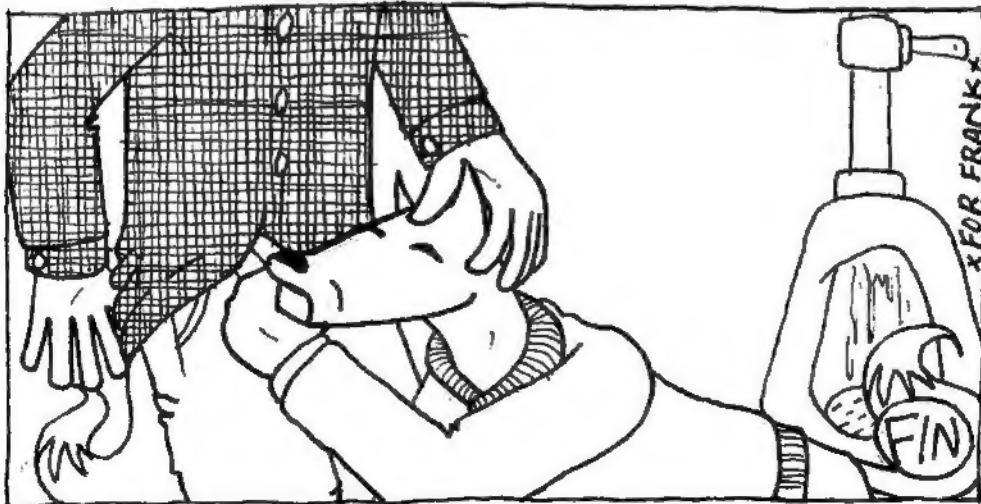
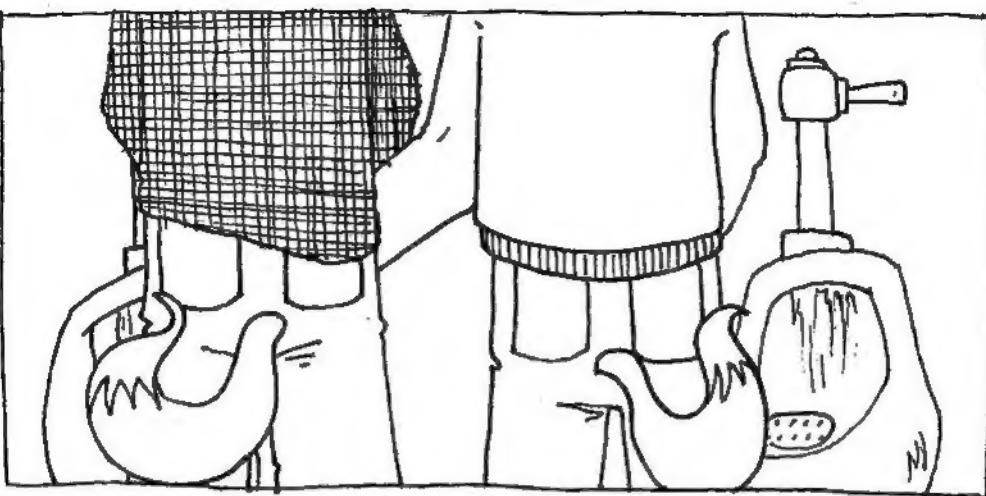
WILL KILL YOU



JOHN, I'M ONLY DANCING.

© TAYLOR 2001





# DRUNK COMIX



TOTAL BASTARD SEEKS PUNISHMENT

me: naughty trouble-maker, asshole, boy-type  
fond of cartoons, caffeine, your tits  
you: possibly attractive, slutty, know when to  
keep your mouth shut, ready to break my heart

let's meet for coffee, i'll say something in  
inappropriate, feel free to slap me.



HOMEWELKER

hey, how's your girl?

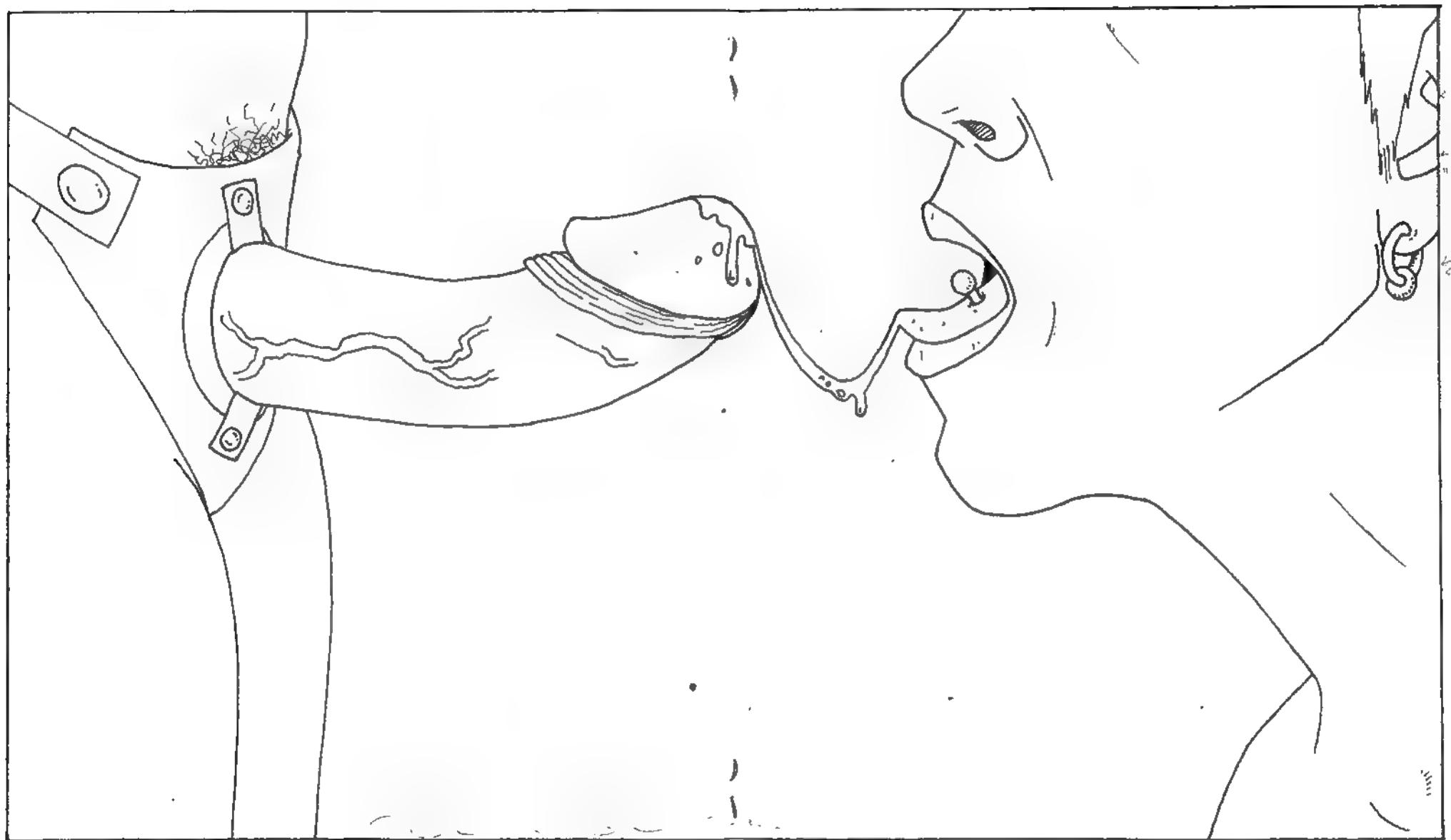


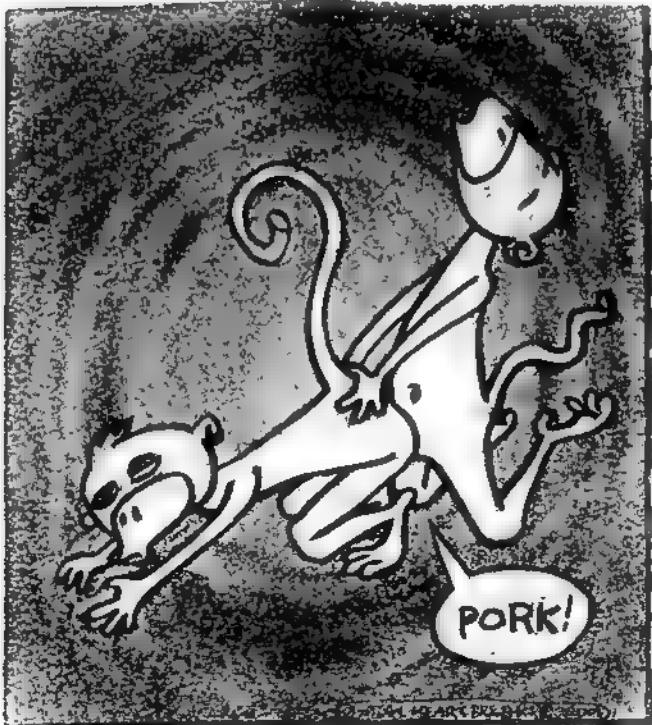
BABBLING IDIOT SEEKS REASON TO SHUT UP

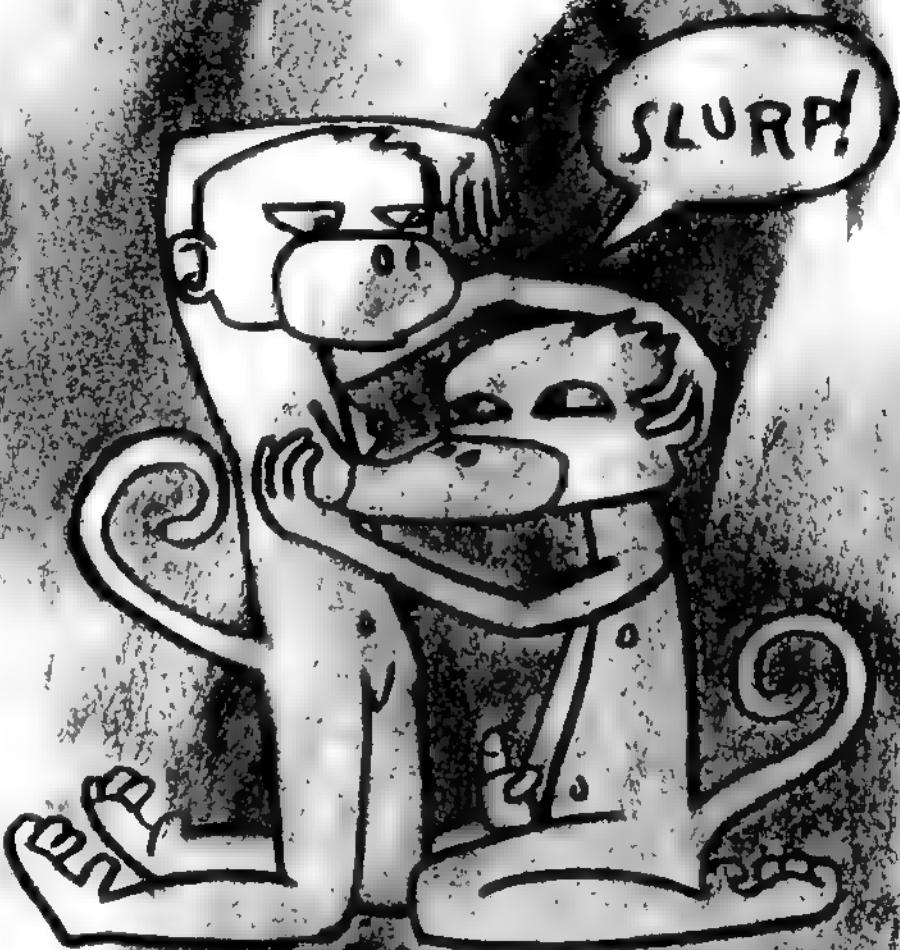
sissy with grating personality loves: walks  
in the woods without you, reading my myself,  
going to movies alone, talking about myself  
for hours

Don't tell me your name, just how far  
to open my mouth.









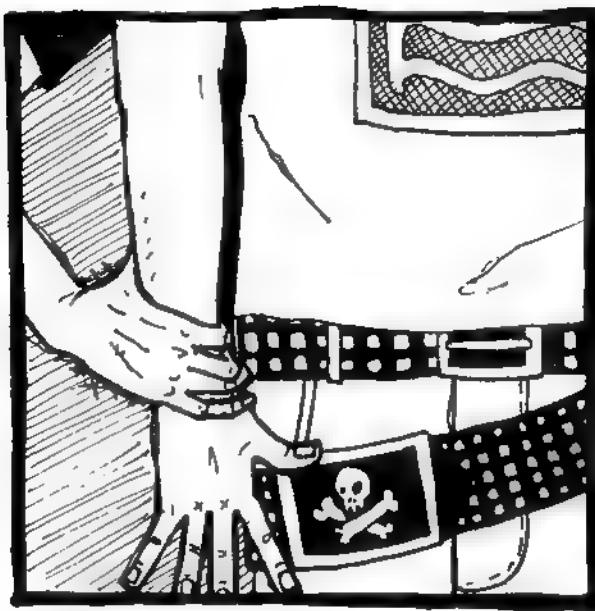
COOL CATS ARE HEAVILY PLANNED





"erotic is a pretty word to use"

tell yourself you won't write about dykes fucking  
yes you will and you'll read it at a stupid dyke bar too  
so all the girls who won't come home with you  
can hear about how you fuck



you in the studded belt you heard me  
you're the one i want you're drunk and you want me to slide it in  
wrap your legs around me tight like this fuck'll save your life  
like i'm your baby like i'm your best secret  
when i was 21 i figured out why i fuck so many girls  
see my mommy never loved her little boy  
the knowledge was like a flash that faded into promiscuity  
so help me out tonight yell for me make it real

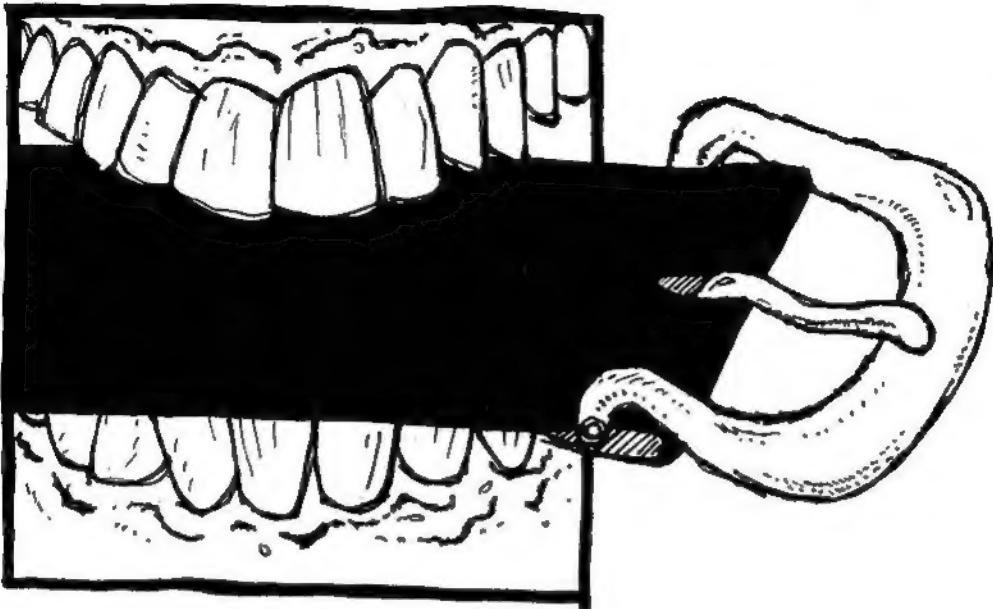


i'm gonna wrap that studded belt around your wrists  
catch your dirty hands in it like rabbits in a snare  
and the other one the glam one with the 5 rows of studs  
that you wear off the hip like a gun belt  
i'm gonna beat the shit out of you with it  
not a spanking you deserve for being such a whore  
no welts to show where the leather kissed your ass  
no i mean i'm gonna wrap it around my fist stud side out  
and beat you bloody leave stud sized dents in your skull  
until you pass out



we don't have to fuck you don't even have to suck my cock  
just look scared like that  
eyes wide like two holes i can pour myself into  
swallow me  
i'll rub you into my sheets like a stain

it's a sick fantasy that's predictable  
it's not a fantasy it's no good if you don't think it's real  
and now you've got some good excuses not to leave with me  
it's alright i'll make it home alone  
i'll slide out of the bar like a slug  
a trail of perfect obscenities glistening behind me



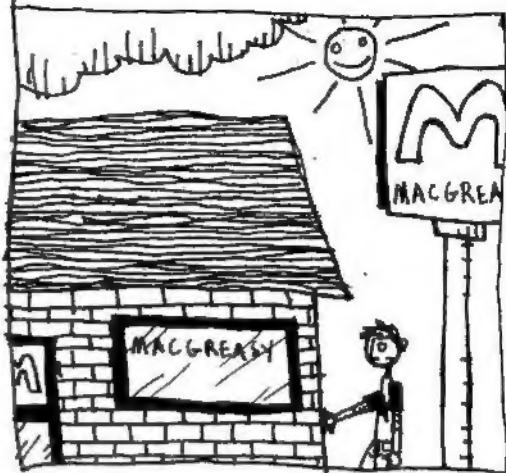
get home and wrap my own belt around my fist  
bite down leather tastes like skin and dried sweat  
jerk off think about your mouth on my cock  
or that guy at work him coming on my face  
curl up neat to sleep now mommy loves me  
1.22.01  
SATAN' HEARTBREAK'R



# CRAPPY COMIX

PRESENTS:

"HOW I WON  
A MILLION  
BUCKS"



burgers 1st  
taste 2nd

snyx,  
nn, yeb.

can i have 2  
cheeseburgers, no  
meat, large fries  
and a coke.

Boop  
BEEP

a-hub  
nuh, blue  
suede hound  
dog...

HAVE YOU  
TRIED THE  
SPONGY  
BURGER

DAD!

BURGERS

uh,  
thanxi:



mmm

nothing sez  
lovin' like  
mac nasties  
in tha oven.  
mmm.







i will kill you motherfucker.

© SATAN HEARTBREAK'R 2001  
100% . . . HOMEMADE . . . GARAGE